

COWBOY WESTERN

COWBOY

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



10¢

NO. 55



WILD BILL HICKOK



ANNIE OAKLEY



EXTRA
FEATURE...
JESSE JAMES
—IN—
AN EXCITING
EPISODE.

GIORDANO



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COWBOY WESTERN

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

Alfred I. Fago Executive Editor

WILD BILL HICKOK

in THE TAMING OF TRIGGER TOWN!



HAYS, KANSAS... 1869 --- A TOWN SO TOUGH, FOLKS SWORE UP AND DOWN THAT THE AIR HAD EQUAL PARTS OF OXYGEN AND FLYING LEAD! A TOWN SO WIDE-OPEN AND RIP-ROARING, FOLKS CALLED IT **TRIGGERTOWN**, AND WERE PLUMB SURE IT WOULD NEVER BE TAMED....!

THOSE TWO DUSTY HORSESMEN REINING IN AT FORT RILEY WERE FROM HAYS, KANSAS.....



YOU EVER SEE THIS HICKOK IN ACTION?

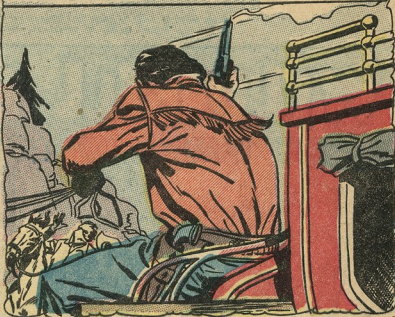
NO-- BUT IF JUST A TENTH OF THE TALES I'VE HEARD ABOUT HIM ARE TRUE, HE'S THE MAN FOR US!



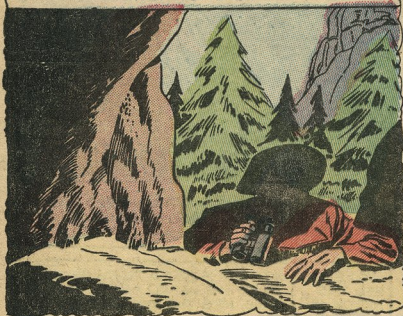
THERE WAS A HEAP
OF TALES SPREAD
AROUND ABOUT HOW
GOOD OUR LAST
TWO MARSHALS
WERE--BUT TRIGGER-
TOWN CUT THEM
DOWN TO SIZE
MIGHTY FAST!

THOSE TWO WERE GOOD
MEN, I'LL GRANT YOU
THAT--BUT FROM WHAT I
HEAR TELL, THERE'S NOT
A JOB WILD BILL HAS
TACKLED WHERE HE
HASN'T COME OUT
ON TOP....!

"IT WAS WILD BILL WHO CLEARED THE TRAIL OF
ROAD-AGENTS WHEN HE WAS DRIVING FOR THE
BUTTERFIELD STAGE!"



"IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, THERE WAS
NO SCOUT WHO BROUGHT BACK MORE INFORMATION
THAN WILD BILL!"



AND HERE AT FORT
RILEY WHERE HE'S
DEPUTY MARSHAL,
HE HOLDS TIGHT REIN
ON A TERRITORY
MEASURING 500
MILES LONG BY
400 MILES --

YOU THE GENTLEMEN
WHO JUST RODE IN FROM
HAYS? I HEAR THAT'S
A MIGHTY ROUGH TOWN
YOU HAVE THERE.



YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN,
STRANGER! NOW CAN YOU
DIRECT US TO WILD BILL
HICKOK'S PLACE?

NO NEED TO, YOU'RE
TALKING TO HICKOK
NOW.



WHAT?!

H--HE LOOKS MORE LIKE
A DEACON....THAN A
FIGHTING MARSHAL!



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, GENTLEMEN--AND CAN'T SAY THAT I BLAME YOU, FOLKS HEAR TALES ABOUT ME... THEY ALL EXPECT TO MEET UP WITH A FIRE-BREATHING RANNIHAN DRAGGING NO LESS THAN TEN HOLSTERS ON HIS BELT! WELL....COULD BE I'M A MITE OLDER THAN I WAS WHEN FOLKS STARTED CALLING ME **WILD**. COULD BE NOW THAT I'M A LAW-MAN **AND IT'S WILDNESS I'M FIGHTING AGAINST**, I'VE SORT OF SETTLED DOWN!

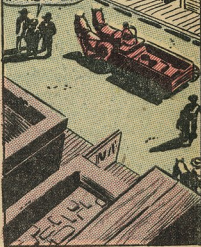


I LIKE YOUR BRAND OF TALK, HICKOK. YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR, DO YOU WANT THE JOB?

WE PAY GOOD MONEY....BUT THERE'S NO GUARANTEE HOW LONG YOU'LL LAST TO COLLECT IT.



HMM --- NOT MUCH LAW-MAN WORK LEFT TO DO IN THESE PARTS.... EVERYTHING'S RUNNING SMOOTH AS SILK. GENTLEMEN, SOON AS I FIND SOMEONE TO TAKE OVER MY JOB HERE AT FORT RILEY--HAYS WILL HAVE A BRAND NEW MARSHAL!



A WEEK LATER, IN HAYS, KANSAS....CALLED **TRIGGER-TOWN**!

HERE COMES HICKOK AT LAST! WATCH HIM BREAK UP THAT RUCKUS PRONTO!



BUT HICKOK WALKED HIS MOUNT RIGHT PAST THE STREETFIGHT...

HOWDY, GENTLEMEN. CARE TO SHOW ME TO MY NEW OFFICE?

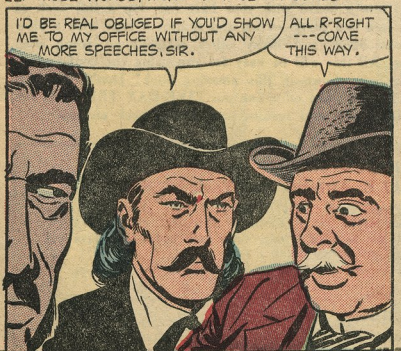
ARE YOU LOCO, MAN? DON'T YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON BACK THERE? YOU'RE HIRED TO KEEP LAW AND ORDER... NOT TO FIND A PLACE FOR STAYING OUT OF THE SUN!



AT THOSE WORDS, HICKOK'S FACE HARDENED ---

I'D BE REAL OBLIGED IF YOU'D SHOW ME TO MY OFFICE WITHOUT ANY MORE SPEECHES, SIR.

ALL R-RIGHT ---COME THIS WAY.



HMMM ---- THIS PLACE SURE HASN'T SEEN MUCH USE LATELY, AND LOOK AT ALL THOSE COB-WEBS IN THE LOCK-UP..! GENTLEMEN, I HEREBY DEPUTE BOTH OF YOU TO ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES AND HELP ME CLEAN UP!



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AN
HOUR
LATER--

THERE NOW--PURTY, ISN'T-IT? YOU'RE HERE-
BY UNDEPUTIZED, GENTLEMEN. THANK YOU
KINDLY FOR HELPING. I'LL BE TRAIPSING
DOWN TO MAIN STREET NOW....!



FOLKS, MY NAME'S HICKOK. I'M THE NEW MARSHAL
HERE. YOU JUST DO LIKE I SAY, AND WE'LL GET
ALONG FINE. FIRST LAW TO REMEMBER IS THAT
THERE'S TO BE NO TRIGGER-SQUEEZING
INSIDE TOWN LIMITS....!



WHO'S HE THINK HE'S
TALKING TO--A BUNCH
OF TENDERFOOTS?

THAT GALOOT HAS TO
BE TAUGHT A LESSON...
BUT FAST!



KRACK!
KRACK!
KRACK!

I DIDN'T SQUEEZE
THE TRIGGER.
MARSHAL --- I
JERKED IT
REAL HARD!

HEE-HAW-
HO-HO!



YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE
DONE
THAT,
MISTER!

DON'T CROWD ME,
SHERIFF--UNLESS
YOU AIM TO TAKE A
FAST TRIP TO BOOT
HILL! DON'T WALK
NO CLOSER...!

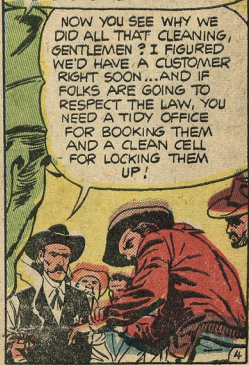


BUT HICKOK KEPT MOVING
FORWARD, AND--



D-DID YOU SEE THAT DRAW?
L-LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING!

NOW YOU SEE WHY WE
DID ALL THAT CLEANING,
GENTLEMEN? I FIGURED
WE'D HAVE A CUSTOMER
RIGHT SOON...AND IF
FOLKS ARE GOING TO
RESPECT THE LAW, YOU
NEED A TIDY OFFICE
FOR BOOKING THEM
AND A CLEAN CELL
FOR LOCKING THEM
UP!



THERE WAS NO MORE TRIGGER-SQUEEZING IN HAYS THAT DAYBUT TRIGGER-TOWN HADN'T BEEN TAMED YET!

ALL THE GAMBLING-JOINT OWNERS HELD A MEETING AT THE SILVER SLIPPER SALOON--

WE CAN'T LET HICKOK GET AWAY WITH THIS! NEXT THING YOU KNOW, HE'LL CLOSE US UP FOR RUNNING CROOKED FARO GAMES!

TALK'S CHEAP! BUT HOW'RE WE GOING TO GET RID OF A MAN WITH A DRAW LIKE THAT? HOW...?

THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN I KNOW OF WHO COULD HANDLE HICKOK---AND THAT'S MORT KRAGG! MORT'S NEVER FAILED ON A JOB YET...



"MORT'S A SHRIVELED UP HALF-PINT WHO GOES AROUND MAKING OUT HE'S A PEDDLER. HE LOOKS SO PEACEABLE--WITH FAKE GLASSES AND ALL--THAT HE NEVER HAS TROUBLE GETTING CLOSE TO HIS MAN. AND SOON AS HE'S IN GUN RANGE, HE DROPS THE POTS AND PANS, AND STARTS BLASTING..."



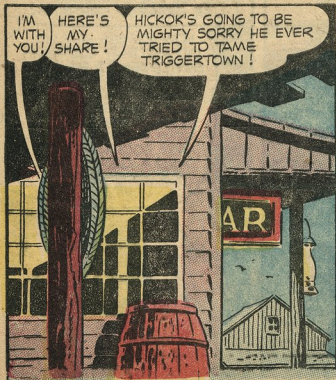
BUT DOES HICKOK KNOW HIM?

NOT A CHANCE. MORT'S NEVER OPERATED IN THESE PARTS. IT'LL TAKE PLENTY OF GOLD TO BRING MORT HERE. YOU MEN WILLING...OR ARE YOU GOING TO LET HICKOK TROMPLE YOU ALL FLAT?



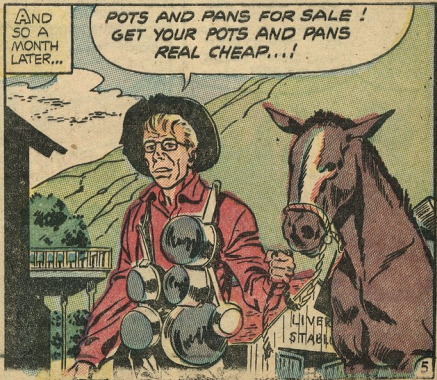
I'M WITH YOU! HERE'S MY SHARE!

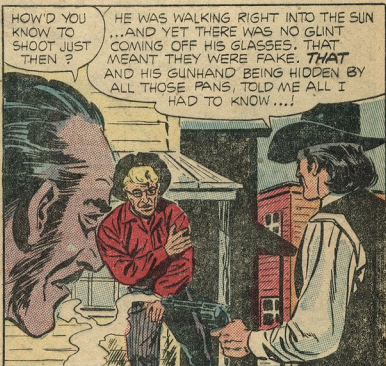
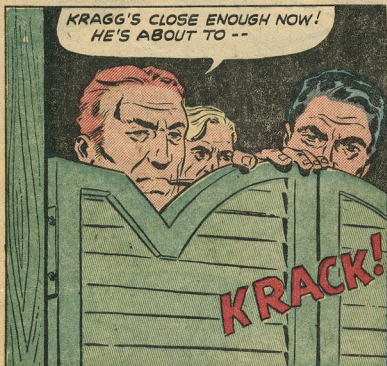
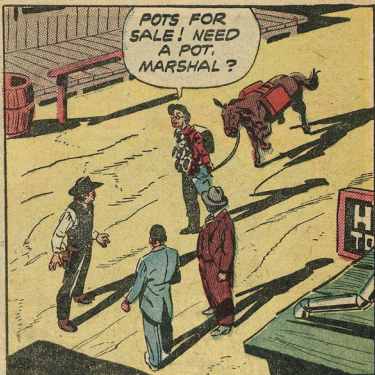
HICKOK'S GOING TO BE MIGHTY SORRY HE EVER TRIED TO TAME TRIGGERTOWN!



AND SO A MONTH LATER...

POTS AND PANS FOR SALE! GET YOUR POTS AND PANS REAL CHEAP...!





Annie Oakley

FRANK, LOOK AT THE CROWD! I THINK THIS IS THE BIGGEST GATE EVER.

IF WE WEREN'T DUE FOR A SHOW DOWNTRAIL TOMORROW, I'D STAY OVER HERE ANOTHER DAY.

BUTLER & OAKLEY
2 BIG ACTS

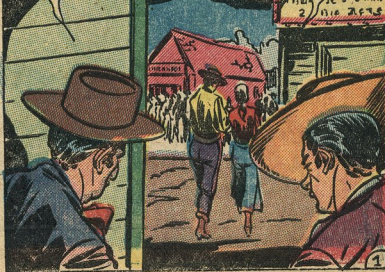
IT'S NOT WHAT ONE MAKES IN A LIFETIME, BUT HOW MUCH ONE SAVES! NOR IS THE GATE SUCH AN IMPORTANT ITEM IN A SHOW IF THE MONEY BE STOLEN. ALL OF WHICH BRINGS FRANK BUTLER AND ANNIE OAKLEY TO A MOMENT OF GREATEST SUCCESS IN THEIR SHARPSHOOTING SHOW AND THEIR MOMENT OF GREATEST DANGER!

I DON'T LIKE THIS RAIN, ANNIE. I GUESS WE'LL START OUT RIGHT AFTER THE SHOW.

YES, IF WE WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW THE ROADS MAY NOT BE PASSABLE.

YUH HEARD 'EM, ABE. WE HAVE TUH STICK UP THIS HERE PLACE TUHNGHT AFORE THEY GIT AWAY.

WE CAN TAKE OVER WHILE THE SHOW IS ON ... BEFORE THE MONEY LEAVES THE TICKET OFFICE.



BUT LATER...



CONFOUND IT, ABE, THAT DAD RATTED ANNIE OAKLEY WOULD THINK OF HAVIN' THE SHERIFF WATCH THE DOUGH.

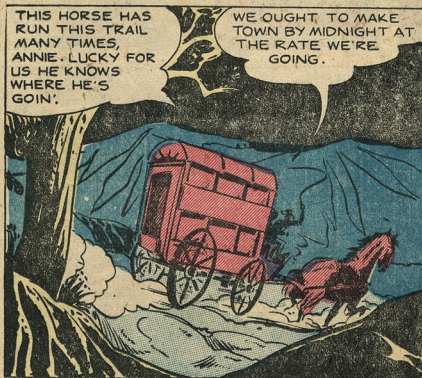
WE GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHIN' ELSE, SLUG. RECKON I KNOW WHAT, TOO.

AFTER THE SHOW...



THANKS, SHERIFF, FOR WATCHIN' OUR MONEY. WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY NOW. GOT TO GET THROUGH THIS STORM.

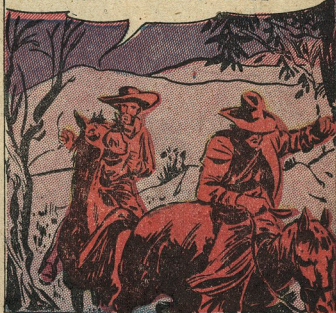
BEST OF LUCK, MR. BUTLER. THESE ROADS AIN'T TOO SAFE AT NIGHT SO TAKE IT EASY.



THIS HORSE HAS RUN THIS TRAIL MANY TIMES, ANNIE. LUCKY FOR US HE KNOWS WHERE HE'S GOIN'.

WE OUGHT TO MAKE TOWN BY MIDNIGHT AT THE RATE WE'RE GOING.

WE'LL HIGHTAIL IT TUH WHERE THE TRAIL BREAKS AT THE FORK. THEN THERE WON'T BE ANY CHANCE OF WAITIN' AT THE WRONG PLACE



HERE THEY COME NOW!



OKAY, BUTLER, GIT 'EM UP!

FRANK, A STICKUP!

WHOA...
WHOA
THERE!



THAT ALL DEPENDS ON IF FN
HIS NECK IS STRONG ENOUGH
WHEN I SLAP THIS HOSS!

OH, PLEASE...
PLEASE
DON'T!

DON'T LET
HIM KILL
FRANK...
PLEASE
DON'T.

YOU'RE
REAL
PURTY
WHEN YUH
TALK LIKE
THAT. GIMME A
KISS AND MAY-
BE I COULD CON-
VINCE SLUG NOT TO.

MAYBE I CAN
STALL THEM...

KISS ME, THEN.
I THINK I MIGHT
LIKE YOU.

AS ABE HOLDS ANNIE, SHE
REACHES HER HAND
STEALTHILY FOR ABE'S
HOLSTER...

AND THEN ...

GIDDAP !!!

SLAP

WHY YUH... SO
THAT'S YOUR
GAME!

SHE GOT
ME...

AND SO, FRANK TURNS
THE WAGON AND HEADS
BACK TOWARD TOWN
WITH THE CAPTIVE
OUTLAWS ...

LOOK, FRANK. THE
SKIES ARE CLEARING.
WE WON'T MISS THE
SHOW BY STARTING
IN THE MORNING.

72

4

PERIL OF COUGAR HOLLOW

A RED ROAN Story



RED ROAN galloped swiftly through the underbrush until he came out on the crest of a hill that looked down into Cougar Hollow. At first glance the hollow appeared to be just a heavily wooded ravine, deep in the heart of the Sierra hills. But here, Red Roan knew, lurked a whole family of savage, brown-furred cougars — the mountain lion killers that were dreaded throughout the animal world.

The great scarlet stallion paused halfway down the slope, his dark, alert eyes searching the hollow below.

One of the young colts of Red Roan's herd, a three-month-old buckskin, had strayed from his dam an hour before. Noticing his absence, the leader of the wild horses trailed the colt by scent to this spot. But now he did not see him, and the scent was lost on the shale-covered hillside. Red Roan was worried because a wobbly-legged colt would prove easy prey for the cougars that made their home in the hollow.

Slowly, cautiously, the graceful stallion moved into the ravine. Ahead were clumps of low-lying juniper, and shrub oak, and one or two taller cottonwoods. But there was no sign of the little colt.

Suddenly, Red Roan's ears pricked forward.

Against a broad cottonwood tree, there was a blob of yellow color and a slight movement. It was the missing colt, innocently cropping grass, moving from clump to clump.

The stallion started to move toward him to order him back to the herd. Then he tensed. A few yards from the colt, stealthily creeping toward him, were two long, sinuous forms. They were cougars, eyes glittering green fire, and dripping jaws revealing long, razor-sharp fangs! One of the cougars was already crouching for the death spring!

"Neigh-h-h!"

As Red Roan's shrill whinny cut through the mountain air, the cougars whirled in alarm.

They saw Red Roan coming toward them,

his crimson mane flying in the air like a battle warning. Before they could recoil, the great stallion was upon them, his mighty hoofs flailing. But the cornered cougars fought back. Spitting and growling with their curious, human-like cry, they launched themselves through the air at Red Roan.

Fangs ripping, and long claws slashing sabre-like through the air, they gouged long, angry rents in Red Roan's gleaming hide!

For a moment, the scarlet stallion wavered before the savagery of the mountain lions' attack. Then, rearing back on his hind legs, he struck out, lightning fast, with his front hoofs. So accurate were the powerful blows of the big bronc that one cougar was flung to the earth, ribs crushed. The other cat was dealt a glancing blow that smashed it hard against the cottonwood tree.

Spitting defiantly, the surviving cougar crouched there, ears laid back. But then, realizing the hopelessness of the fight, it suddenly turned tail and limped away into the thickly wooded hollow.

Red Roan swerved about to face the little colt.

"Back to the herd!" his angry whinny seemed to say. "You almost lost your life! Never come down here again!"

Together, they turned and began to trot up the slope to where the herd grazed a mile away. But as he pounded up the grade, Red Roan realized that in the brief moment of fighting, the huge cougars had hurt him severely. Not only had he lost a considerable amount of blood, but one of his forelegs had been badly slashed in that first swift attack.

As the wound stiffened, Red Roan began to limp more and more. He had little strength in the leg. It might take weeks to heal!

WHEN THE KING of the herd and the young buckskin came in sight of the herd, Red Roan's ears suddenly came erect with surprise. For there, lording it over the mares and colts, was another stallion. He was a big



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gray bronc, heavily muscled, with a black mane and tail and an imperious carriage.

Scenting Red Roan's approach, the gray stranger wheeled about. He pawed the ground angrily with heavy hoofs, and his loud whinny seemed to say, "You, *were* the chief' here, but now *I* am unless you can drive me away!"

It was the law of the wild. Often Red Roan had defeated impudent challengers like this one.

Now he started forward, mane flying, nostrils quivering.

The gray horse waited for him, moving in a steady, circular direction. As he came closer to the big gray stallion, Red Roan could see that his powerful opponent bore the scars of more than one hard-fought battle. As challenger, the gray struck first. Whinnying angrily, he lashed at Red Roan's side, hoofs pounding a steady tattoo.

RED ROAN retaliated at once, swerving and coming down hard with *his* hoofs. But the fight with the cougars had cost him much blood and he was weak. In addition, as he came down on his forelegs, the one that had been slashed by the mountain lion twisted and gave way underneath him.

With the gray challenger close upon him, Red Roan half fell. The enemy stallion pounded savage blows home and nipped swiftly with his yellowed teeth as the red horse managed to scramble to his feet. But it was an unequal battle, and Red Roan knew it well.

Recovering his footing, the scarlet stallion wheeled away and broke in an uneven canter for the crest of the hill.

Better to run, and fight another day, than to be crippled and perhaps slain now!

THREE days later the gray stallion had led the herd from hill to hill, always grazing in the same area. All along, Red Roan had stayed within a mile or two of the herd, grazing to regain his strength. More and more his anger grew at the intruder who had taken his place.

His leg was still weak and painful, but he decided that the time had come for him to re-bid for the leadership of the herd. To do this, he put to work the native intelligence that, plus his great strength and speed, had made him the outstanding horse of the Western plains.

Approaching the feeding herd, Red Roan whinnied a loud challenge to the gray stallion.

Cocky now, the gray came out to meet him.

As he galloped along, black mane tasseled behind him, he seemed insolently certain of victory, determined to drive Red Roan away forever! But before the gray reached him, Red Roan turned. Cantering away, not too fast, he headed for Cougar Hollow.

The gray followed close behind.

Red Roan continued right into the heart of the shelter of the brown hunters of the mountains. He knew that, in addition to the lions he had outfought, there were several other cougars hiding in the hollow—that they would attack any presumptuous invader of their home.

Knowing this, Red Roan was quick to skid to a stop, when he heard the angry shriek of the converging giant cats. His keen eyes saw one cougar lying on a low branch, tail lashing. Another was slinking through the forest. A third crouched at the base of a tree.

But the gray stallion did not realize his danger: Confidently, sure of easy triumph, he lunged forward!

At the last moment, Red Roan swerved about and raced up out of the hollow.

The gray horse, too slow in understanding the trap that had been laid for him, was the target for all three huge mountain lions. Spitting and growling as one, they sprang through the air at him, furred arrows of destruction. He fought back valiantly, but in a moment the cougars had flashed him in a dozen places.

Now, desperately, the gray horse turned and broke for the open, stopping only to buck off his clinging tormentors.

By the time he reached the open and limped off across the slope, he was a badly wounded horse. He would live, but never again would he attack Red Roan. For he had learned a new and greater respect for the king of the wild horses—a respect for his courage . . . and for his brains!

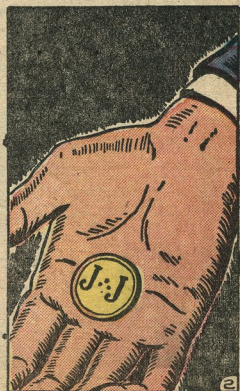
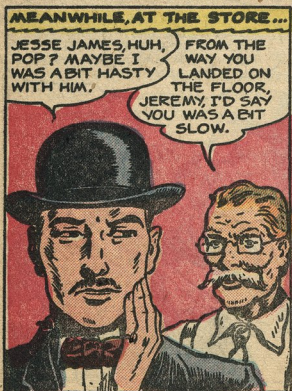
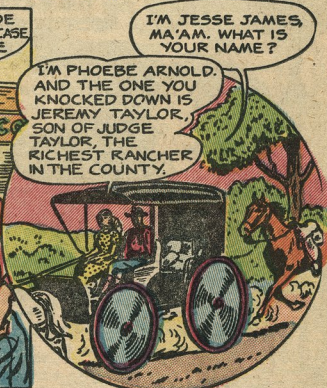
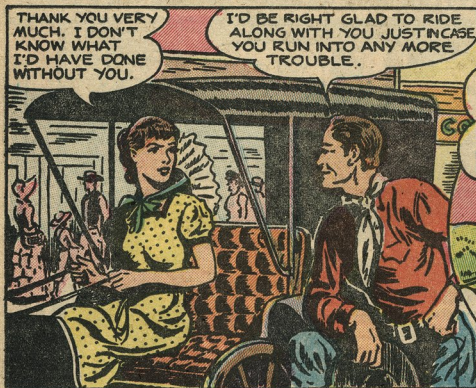
ATOP the hill, Red Roan whinnied once and the herd fell in behind him. They knew their master, and they knew that another challenger had been disposed of. Peacefully, they began to crop grass.

THE END

JESSE JAMES

IT WAS WHILE PURCHASING SOME SUPPLIES THAT JESSIE JAMES ONE DAY MET PHOEBE ARNOLD ... AND JEREMY TAYLOR. THE MEETING WAS PLEASANT YET UNPLEASANT, BUT IT IS MOST IMPORTANT FOR IT TAUGHT JESSE THAT NOT ALL SNAKES, LIKE THE RATTLER, GIVE WARNING BEFORE THEY STRIKE.





JUDGE TAYLOR HOLDS THE MORTGAGE ON DAD'S RANCH, SO JEREMY HAS THE IDEA HE CAN INSULT ME.

IF HE DOES AGAIN LET ME KNOW, MA'AM. ER... SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.

KNOCK
KNOCK

WHY... MR. TAYLOR!

FOLLOWED OVER, MISS ARNOLD. I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR MY CONDUCT. AND TO YOU, MR. JAMES.

THEN, TOO, DAD ASKED ME TO STOP BY AND ASK ABOUT THE MORTGAGE PAYMENT.

THAT'S MORE LIKE YOUR REAL REASON FOR COMING. DAD WENT TO THE BANK AT KANSAS CITY. HE'LL BE BRINGING IT IN ON THE STAGE, ALONG WITH THE RANCH PAYROLL.

NEAR DUSK JUST OUTSIDE TOWN... SAME DAY...

WHOA....WHOA THERE! EVERYBODY OUT! STICKUP!

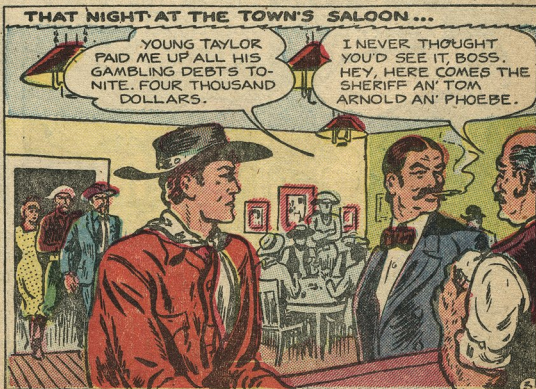
HAND OUT THAT ARNOLD PAYROLL AND MORTGAGE MONEY! NEVER MIND THE REST.

OKAY, GET MOVIN'! WAIT, HERE'S A TOKEN OF MY THANKS.

THAT NIGHT AT THE TOWN'S SALOON...

YOUNG TAYLOR PAID ME UP ALL HIS GAMBLING DEBTS TONITE. FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS.

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D SEE IT, BOSS. HEY, HERE COMES THE SHERIFF AN' TOM ARNOLD AN' PHOEBE.



THE SHERIFF HOLDS OUT THE MONOGRAMMED BUTTON...

YES, THAT'S MY BUTTON. WHY?

BECAUSE THE OWNER OF THIS BUTTON HELD UP THE STAGE OUTSIDE TOWN THIS AFTERNOON.

OH...THEN HE IS A THIEF!

BUT IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN' T'U USE THAT MONEY, YOU'RE WRONG! I HAD ALL THE MONEY MARKED AN' THE NUMBERS RECORDED.

THAT'S THE NEWS I LIKE TO HEAR. GIVES ME AN IDEA.

COME ALONG WITH ME, JESSE. AN' I'LL GIVE YOU AN IDEA ABOUT WHAT HOLDIN' UP A STAGE MEANS

OKAY, SHERIFF!



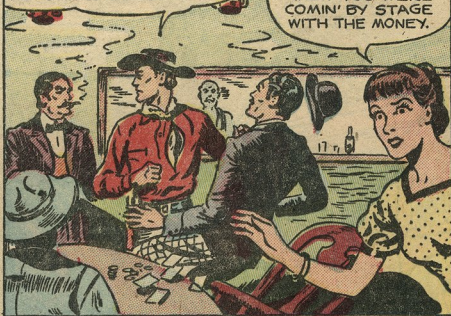
YOU CAN'T FRAME ME. I'LL MY LEG!

DON'T BE IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY, TAYLOR!



IF YOU'LL LOOK AT THE MONEY TAYLOR PAID YOU, YOU'LL FIND MR. ARNOLD'S NUMBERED BILLS.

DAD, THAT'S POSSIBLE. JEREMY KNEW YOU WERE COMIN' BY STAGE WITH THE MONEY.



YES, SIR, THAT'S THE MONEY THE BANK MARKED FOR ME. AND THEY HAVE THE BILL NUMBERS TO PROVE IT.



MR. JAMES, HOW CAN WE APOLOGIZE TO YOU?

IT'S OKAY, MISS ARNOLD, I'M ALWAYS READY TO HELP A LADY. GUESS I'LL BE ON MY WAY, NOW. GOOD LUCK, PHOEBE.

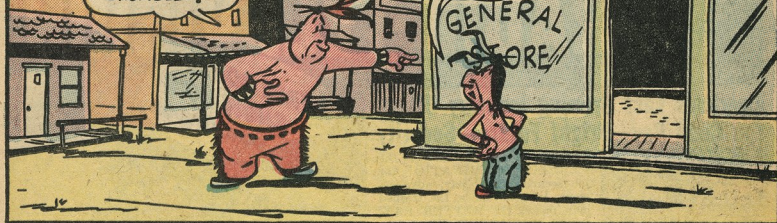


BIG BOW AND LITTLE ARROW

'FOOD FOR THOUGHT'

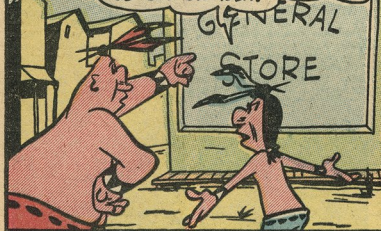
ME GOT TO GET SOME FOOD QUICK, LITTLE ARROW, MY STOMACH SO EMPTY IT GRUMBLES!

THEN STOMACH MATCHES YOUR MOUTH, IT ALWAYS GRUMBLES, TOO!



MAYBE OWNER OF GENERAL STORE GIVE US SOME FOOD ON CREDIT!

ME GAVE YOU MORE CREDIT THAN TO THINK OWNER GIVE US CREDIT. WE OWE HIM TOO MUCH ALREADY, BUT LITTLE ARROW SMART LIKE FOX SO GET BIG IDEA!

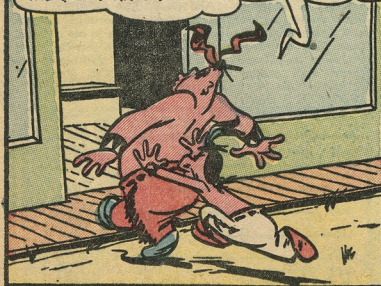


SEE HOW FLOOR SLANTS, BIG BOW?

SURE, ME SEE IT, BUT WHAT ABOUT IT?

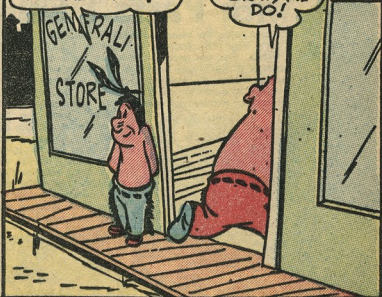


YOU GO ASK FOR SOME CANS OF FOOD. WHEN GET IT, ASK PRICE. NO MATTER WHAT OWNER SAY IT COST, YOU SAY IT TOO MUCH. THEN GET ANGRY----



--AND TOSS ON FLOOR. SLOPE WILL MAKE IT ROLL OUT AND ME CATCH!

OKAY, ME DO!



I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television
than any other man. OUR 40th YEAR.

**America's Fast Growing Industry Offers
You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security**

I TRAINED THESE MEN

"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunnyside, Pennsylvania.

"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to NRI."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

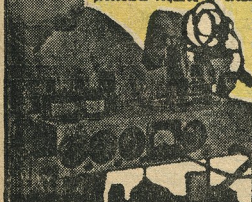
"Am with WCOB, NRI can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-Phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.

"By graduation, had paid for course, gear, testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

**AVAILABLE TO
VETERANS
UNDER G.I. BILL**

You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send

Nothing takes the place of **PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE**. That's why NRI training is based on **LEARNING BY DOING**. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multi-meter you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.



Training plus opportunity is the **PERFECT COMBINATION** for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the **BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED**. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys **GREATER SECURITY**. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

**Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15
a Week Extra Fixing Sets**

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multi-meter built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

My Training Is Up-To-Date

You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

**2 FREE BOOKS
SHOW HOW
MAIL COUPON**



Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.



About 300 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.

25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

Radio-TV Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon

Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 5785 Washington 2, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5785, National Radio Institute, Washington 2, D. C. (Mail no Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE. (No extension will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

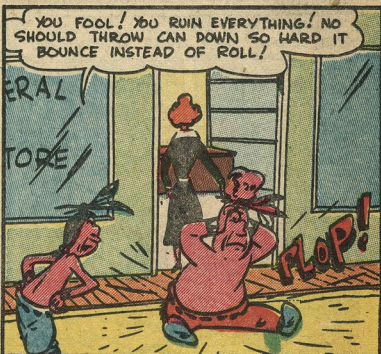
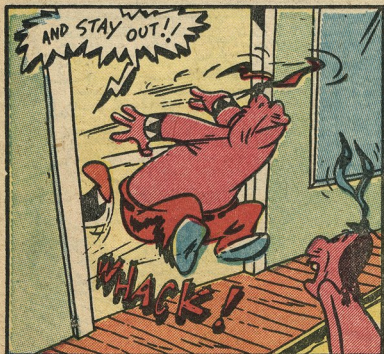
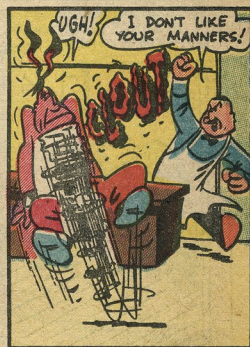
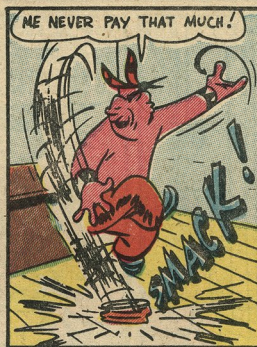
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

VETS write to dept. of discharge

The ABC'S OF SERVING

How to Be a Success in RADIO-TELEVISION

**The Tested Way
To Better Pay!**





THAT'LL BE ALL!

NOW WHAT DO FOR FOOD?



WAIT! LOOK AT KID! HE THROWING PICKLE DOWN! WHEN OWNER GET MAD LIKE HE DO WHEN YOU THROW CAN DOWN, HE KICK OUT KID AND MOTHER. THEN MAYBE WE CATCH SOME OF HER GROCERIES!



NOW LOOK AT WHAT YOU DID, SONNY.

LOOK, OWNER COMING FROM BEHIND COUNTER TO KICK THEM OUT! GET READY TO CATCH THE FOOD AS IT FLY OUT!



THAT'S NOTHING! HYAR SONNY, HAVE A PEPPERMINT STICK!



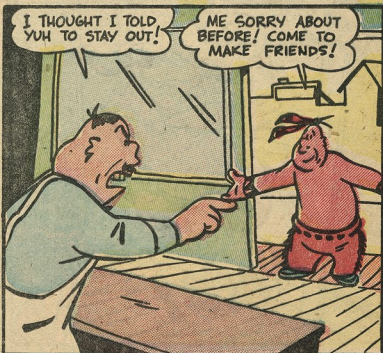
NOW ME KNOW HOW TO GET FOOD! IF GIVE KID PEPPERMINT STICK FOR THROWING DOWN ONE PICKLE SHOULD GIVE LOTS OF FOOD FOR KICKING OVER WHOLE BARREL OF PICKLES! GO IN AND DO!

BUT HE TELL ME TO STAY OUT!



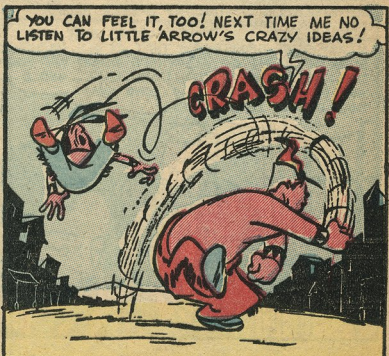
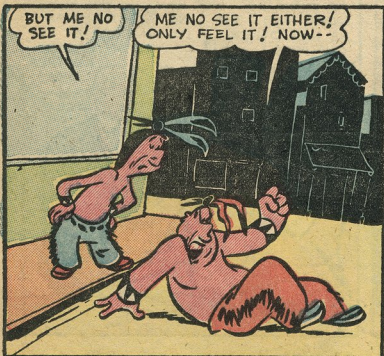
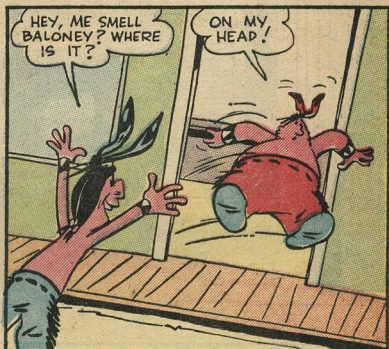
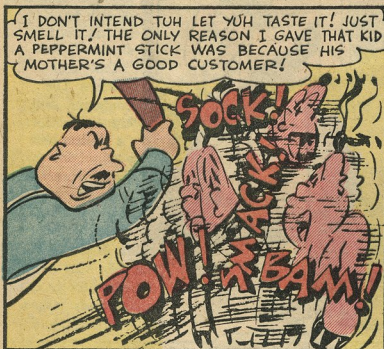
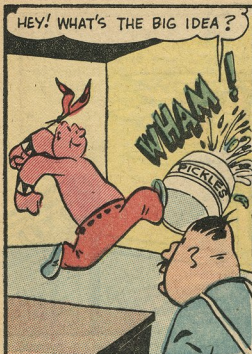
GO TELL HIM SORRY ABOUT BEFORE!

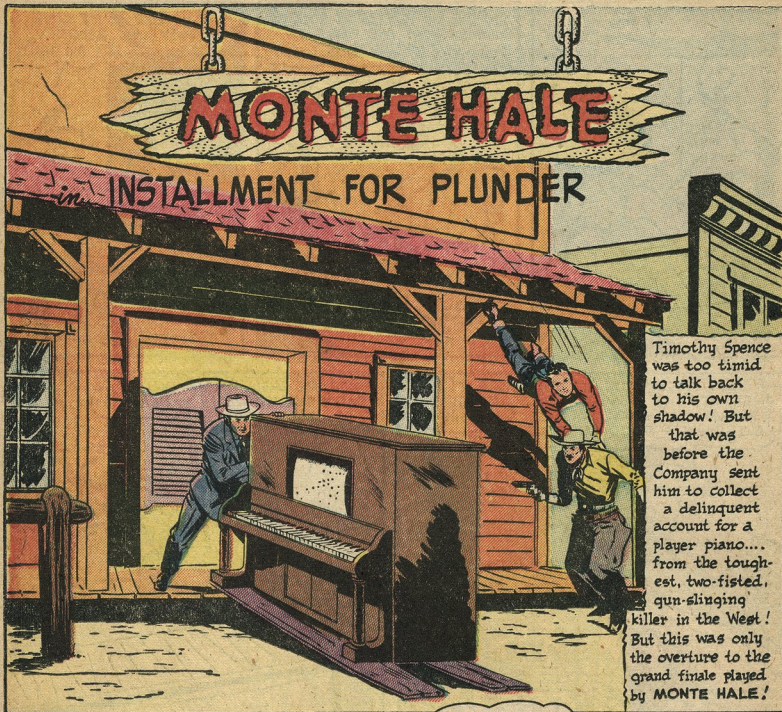
OKAY! ME DO LIKE. LITTLE ARROW SAY!



I THOUGHT I TOLD YUH TO STAY OUT!

ME SORRY ABOUT BEFORE! COME TO MAKE FRIENDS!





Timothy Spence was too timid to talk back to his own shadow! But that was before the Company sent him to collect a delinquent account for a player piano... from the toughest, two-fisted, gun-slinging killer in the West! But this was only the overture to the grand finale played by MONTE HALE!

THE EDUCATION OF TIMOTHY SPENCE BEGAN THIS WAY...

MARRY THAT SPINELESS BLOB OF JELLY! OF ALL THE MEN IN THE WORLD, WHY DO YOU WANT THAT HUMAN ZERO MARK!

TIMOTHY ISN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL, DAD! HE'S GOOD AND SWEET AND KIND... AND I LOVE HIM!

MAYBE HE ISN'T AS BRAVE AS SOME MEN! BUT HE HAS OTHER QUALITIES!

HMM! NO USE REASONING WITH A WOMAN! I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF TIMOTHY SPENCE ANOTHER WAY!



NOW, DAUGHTER, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU FELT THAT WAY! IF TIMOTHY SPENCE IS YOUR CHOICE FOR A HUSBAND, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO FURTHER HIS CAREER!

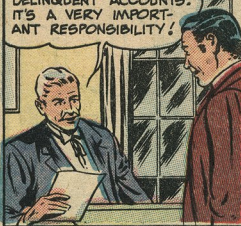
OH, THANK YOU, FATHER!



TIMOTHY SPENCE IS SENT FOR!

I'VE DECIDED TO PROMOTE YOU, TIMOTHY! FROM NOW ON YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF OUR DELINQUENT ACCOUNTS! IT'S A VERY IMPORTANT RESPONSIBILITY!

OH, I REALIZE THAT, SIR!



YOU CAN START BY COLLECTING THIS BILL FROM ALOYSIUS Q. HORNER! HE OWES US THREE INSTALLMENTS ON A PLAYER PIANO!

B-BUT HE LIVES OUT IN TOMBSTONE CITY! THAT'S TWO THOUSAND MILES WEST OF HERE!



IT'S A LONG TRIP! BUT I'M DEPENDING ON YOU!

BY THE TIME YOU GET BACK, MY DAUGHTER WILL HAVE FORGOTTEN YOU!

I'LL GET THE MONEY! ALOYSIUS Q. HORNER WILL PAY UP--OR-OR-OR ELSE!



DAYS LATER, IN MEDICINE CREEK, WE FIND ALOYSIUS Q. HORNER---BETTER KNOWN TO SHERIFFS THROUGHOUT THE WEST AS MITCH HORNER!

GOT THE LOOT? LET'S MAKE TRACKS!



LOOK OUT! IT'S MITCH HORNER AND HIS GANG!



AT THE HOTEL WHERE MONTE HALE IS DINING

SOUNDS MIGHTY LIKE SOMEBODY'S STIRRING UP A SHOOTING RUCKUS!

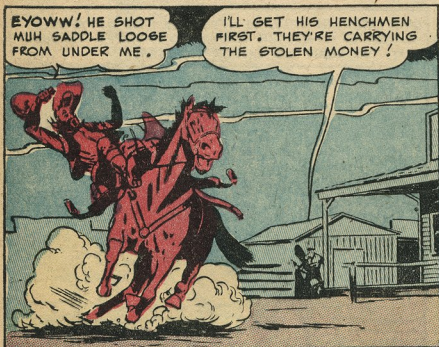




TAKE COVER, MISTER!
LESS'N YUH WANT
MITCH HORNER TO
BLOW YORE HEAD
OFF! THEY JEST
ROBBED THE
BANK!

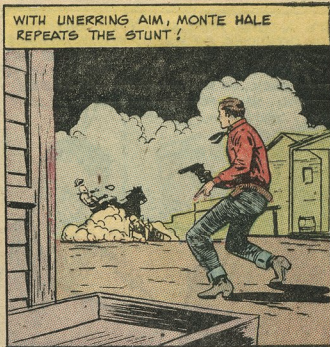


SO THAT'S MITCH HORNER,
EH? I'VE HEARD OF HIM!

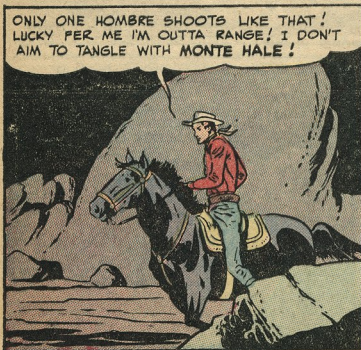


EYOWW! HE SHOT
MUH SADDLE LOOGE
FROM UNDER ME.

I'LL GET HIS HENCHMEN
FIRST. THEY'RE CARRYING
THE STOLEN MONEY!



WITH UNERRING AIM, MONTE HALE
REPEATS THE STUNT!



ONLY ONE HOMBRE SHOTS LIKE THAT!
LUCKY FER ME I'M OUTTA RANGE! I DON'T
AIM TO TANGLE WITH MONTE HALE!



DON'T SHOOT
US, HALE!

TOO BAD I HAD TO LET
YOUR BOSS ESCAPE!
BUT IT WAS MORE IMPORT-
ANT TO RECOVER THIS
STOLEN MONEY!

BUT I RECKON YOU'LL TELL ME
WHERE HE'S HOLING UP!
THEN I'LL BRING HIM BACK
TO KEEP YOU COMPANY---
IN JAIL!



LATER, MITCH HORNER HIDES OUT
IN A SMALL SALOON, IN THE
BORDER TOWN OF SALINAS...

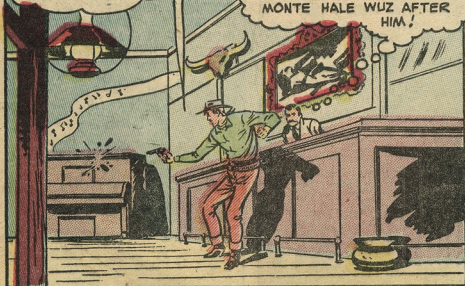
I'LL BE SAFE HYAR! I USED
TO OWN THIS PLACE A COUPLE
OF YEARS AGO! IT'LL BE A
PERFECT HIDE-OUT NOW!



NOT THAT I'M AFRAID OF
MONTE HALE! JUST AS WAL
FER HIM THAT WE NEVER
MET FACE TO FACE! I'D
HAVE PUT A BULLET THROUGH
HIM FER SHORE!



THAT CURSED PIANNER!
I NEVER COULD STAND
THAT NOISE!

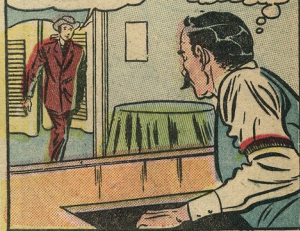


TSK-TSK! MITCH HORNER'S
NERVES! SHORE HAVE GONE
TO THE BAD SINCE HE HEARD
MONTE HALE WUZ AFTER
HIM!

JUST BEFORE CLOSING TIME...

PARDON ME! I'M LOOKING
FOR ALOYSIUS Q. HORNER!
I BELIEVE HE ONCE
OWNED THIS
ESTABLISHMENT!

UHP!
IT'S HIM!



THAT HOMBRE IS MONTE HALE! FITS THE
DESCRIPTIONS I HEARD OF HIM! CAN'T
FOOL ME WITH THAT STORE CLOTHES
DISGUISE HE'S WEARING!

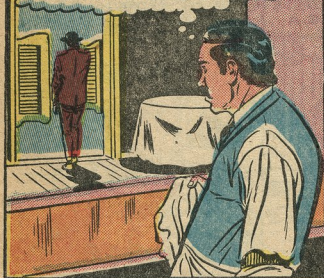


I NEVER HEARD OF
THE FELLER! RECKON
YOU CAME TO THE
WRONG PLACE!

OH, NO! I'M CERTAIN
THIS IS THE ADDRESS!
I'VE TRACED HIM HERE
FROM TOMBSTONE CITY!
AND I'LL FIND HIM SOONER
OR LATER! WHEN I DO,
I'LL MAKE HIM PAY!



HELL'LL DO IT, TOO! IT'S PLUMB EASY TO TELL THAT HE'S A COOL, FEARLESS HOMBRE! I SHORE FEEL SORRY FER PORE MITCH HORNER!



UPSTAIRS IN HIS ROOM, MITCH HORNER IS WARNED!

YUH AIN'T GOT A CHANCE, MITCH! HE LOOKS MIGHTY LIKE AN HOMBRE WHO KIN SHOOT STRAIGHT IN HIS SLEEP!

YO'RE RIGHT! I HEARD THE RATTLESNAKE AIN'T BEEN BORN YET THAT SHOOTS AS FAST AS THAT HALE!



WAIT! I GOT AN IDEA! THAR'S A COUPLE OF OTHER OUTLAWS HIDING OUT IN THIS HYAR TOWN! THEY'LL HELP ME SET A TRAP FER HIM!

THREE AGIN ONE! YUH'LL HAVE A CHANCE THEN, MITCH!



BACK AT MEDICINE CREEK...

THANKS FER BRINGING IN THEM TWO BANK ROBBERS, MONTE!

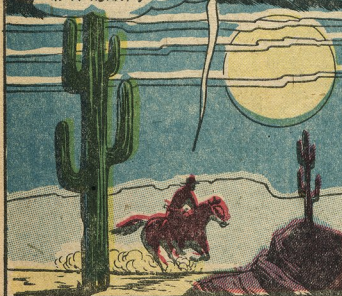
DUST OUT ANOTHER CELL FOR MITCH HORNER! HE'LL BE OCCUPYING IT BY NIGHT-FALL!



HORNER WON'T HAVE THE NERVE TO RETURN TO HIS ORIGINAL RENDEZVOUS! BUT HIS MEN MENTIONED AN OLD HIDE-OUT IN SALINAS! I'M BETTING THAT'S WHERE I'LL FIND HIM!



MOVE, PARDNER! WE'VE GOT TO COVER A HEAP OF GROUND--- IN A HURRY!



LATER---MITCH HORNER'S PLAN REACHES ITS CLIMAX....

HYAR HE COMES! TAKE COVER! AND REMEMBER, WHEN HE GOES FER HIS GUN, SHOOT HIM DOWN!

LEAVE IT TO US, MITCH!



THROW YOUR VOICE



Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist."

No. 137

25¢

MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



First chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Then put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Thrilling. Full instructions included.

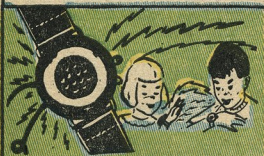
No. 222..... Only 1.00

NICKELS TO DIMES



NO SKILL REQUIRED
5 VARIATIONS INCLUDED
Brass cover is placed over four nickels, a spectator removes the cover and four dimes are discovered. The nickels have apparently vanished into thin air. The brass cover may be examined. Many other startling effects can be performed.

No. 215..... 1.00



AMAZING WRIST RADIO

Wow! A wrist radio like Dick Tracy's that really works. Imagine receiving regular broadcasts up to about 50 miles, and actually transmitting your voice over short distances when connected to another set. You wear it like a watch, but listen in like a radio. No batteries, no electricity, no tubes. Built in earphone and aerial.

No. 139

2.95

5 IN 1 WAND



A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc.

No. 240..... 1.50



RADIO MIKE



Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high.

No. 112

1.95



WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflexible. A scream at parties and gatherings.

No. 247

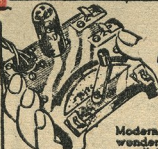
50¢

JOY BUZZER



The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.

No. 238..... Only 50¢



POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size... Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in as loud and clear as you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.

No. 205

3.98



BLACK EYE JOKE

"See Naughty Lady." They look and look and they blacken their eyes without knowing it.

No. 216..... Only 25¢



Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160H

Style 160H—For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14.

6.98

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HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. A-955
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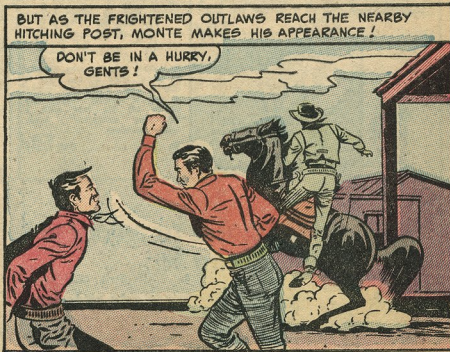
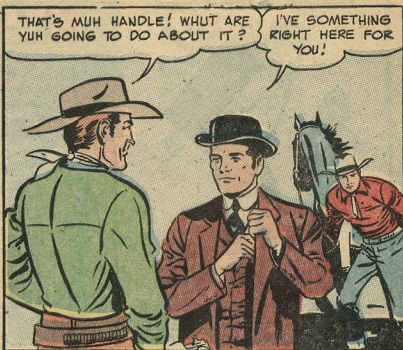
Cannot ship orders totalling less than \$1.00. Thank me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

| ITEM # | NAME OF ITEM | HOW MANY | TOTAL PRICE |
|--------|--------------|----------|-------------|
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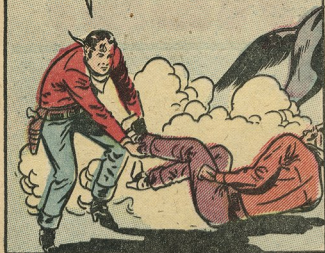
☐ I enclose in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.
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NAME

ADDRESS



I CAN GUARANTEE
YOU'RE NOT
LEAVING!



THEY RUN OUT
ON ME. I'M ALONE
...AND I AIN'T
PACKING A GUN!
YUH WOULDN'T
SHOOT DOWN AN
UNARMED MAN,
WOULD YUH?

HE THINKS
I SHOT AT
HIM! BUT
I WAS JUST
GOING TO HAND
HIM THIS BILL
FOR PAYMENT.

SOMEBODY ELSE
FIRED THAT SHOT!
BUT THIS MAN WAS
GOING TO KILL ME!
A COLD-BLOODED
MURDERER, THAT'S
WHAT HE IS!



AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, TIMOTHY
SPENCE REALLY GETS MAD!

TRY TO SHOOT AN INNOCENT
MAN, WILL YOU? I'LL TEACH
YOU SOME RESPECT FOR
HUMAN BEINGS!



PEOPLE LIKE YOU OUGHT
TO BE IN JAIL! AND I'LL
SEE TO IT THAT'S WHERE
YOU END UP!



MISTER, YOU MUST HAVE
BEEN A LONG TIME
GETTING ANGRY! BECAUSE
I NEVER SAW ANYONE
EXPLODE LIKE THAT!

TEN...TWENTY...THIRTY!
THIS'LL PAY INSTALLMENTS
ON THAT PIANO! I GUESS
I'VE MADE GOOD ON
THIS JOB!



WEEKS LATER...

TIMOTHY SPENCE NEVER DID GO BACK EAST!
HE SENT FOR HIS BOSS' DAUGHTER AND
MARRIED HER AND DOGGONE IF HE
DIDN'T BECOME THE ROOTINGEST-TOOTINGEST,
FIGHTING SHERIFF IN ALL THIS TERRITORY!



Boys! Girls! Mothers! Dads!

TAKE 'EM FREE!

GUARANTEED
WORTH AT LEAST
\$2.00 At Standard
Catalog
Prices!

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ALL DIFFERENT—FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE!

Start NOW to Enjoy The Hobby of Presidents
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YOURS FREE!—100 fascinating stamps from all over the earth! Each stamp is *different*. Each worth *real money*. Each has been carefully soaked free from paper. The Total Price—in Standard Catalog—is guaranteed to be AT LEAST \$2.00—yet, they are **YOURS FREE!**

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STAMP Collecting opens up new worlds of fun and adventure to you. Practically everything that exists upon, above, and below the earth, sea, and sky is represented in one stamp or another. Airplanes, sun, moon, and stars. Tropic Jungles, fierce beasts, canals, rivers, and mountains. Great Generals, Athletes, Kings, and Explorers!

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ders are waiting for you—on these fascinating little things we call stamps. No wonder so many successful people—presidents, kings, movie stars—collect stamps! And now you can get started on this wonderful hobby with 100 exciting and colorful stamps from every corner of the world—**ALL yours ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

MAIL COUPON NOW!

Mail coupon AT ONCE to get the 100 DIFFERENT STAMPS from all over the world—PLUS the famous BERLIN BEAR STAMP—FREE. We'll also include a FREE copy of our "How to Collect Stamps"—how to trade them, know their value, etc.—plus other interesting offers for your inspection. But hurry!

The supply is limited. And this offer is going to be snapped up like hot cakes. So rush coupon—with 10¢ in postage to help cover postage and handling **RIGHT AWAY**. If coupon has been used, write and mail 10¢ direct to: **LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. 5-6-CC Littleton, N.H.**

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Also FREE!

If You Act At Once!

PRIZED BERLIN BEAR STAMP!

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LITTLETON STAMP CO.

Dept. 5-6-CC Littleton, N. H.

Please send me—**FREE**—100 DIFFERENT STAMPS from all over the world, PLUS the famous BERLIN BEAR STAMP, and FREE copy of "How to Collect Stamps." I enclose 10¢ to help cover actual postage and handling costs.

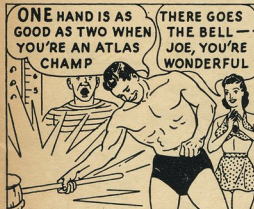
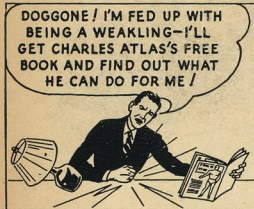
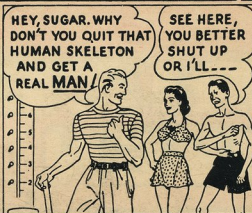
Name (Please PRINT)

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City State

More People Get
Stamps from LITTLETON
than from any other
Company in the World

The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

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Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest size, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep,

bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

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115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

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(Please print plainly)

Address _____

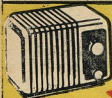
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☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



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ROY ROGERS
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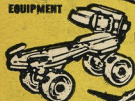
RADIUM DIAL
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500 FEET!

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TYPEWRITER



WHITE ZIPPER
BIBLE



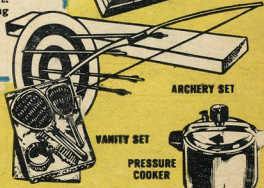
TABLE TENNIS SET



SEWING MACHINE



BOYS' OR GIRLS
BICYCLE



ARCHERY SET



JEWELRY
SET



UKELELE
WITH ARTHUR
GODFREY PLAYER



PRESSURE
COOKER



WOODBURNING SET



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RADIO RECEIVING
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MEN - WOMEN - BOYS - GIRLS

PRIZES GIVEN

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MONEY
TOO!

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OR DALE
EVANS
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FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS

FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

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